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Monument in Arcadia

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Monument in Arcadia, &c.

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THE

MONUMENT IN ARCADIA:

A

DRAMATIC POEM,

IN TWO ACTS.

By GEORGE KEATE, Esq.

ET IN ARCADIA EGO——

LONDON:
PRINTED FOR J. DODSLEY, IN PALL-MALL.
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PR
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TO

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

LADY VISCOUNTESS PRIMEROSE,

THIS POEM

IS INSCRIBED,

IN GRATEFUL TESTIMONY

OF THE FRIENDSHIP

WITH WHICH SHE HAS LONG HONOURED

HER LADYSHIP'S

MOST OBLIGED

AND AFFECTIONATE SERVANT,

865314

GEO. KEATE.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE ABBÉ DU BOS, *in his Critical Reflections on Poetry and Painting, mentions with great Encomium a Picture of* POUSSIN, *wherein are repreſented ſome* ARCADIAN *Shepherds and Shepherdeſſes, who contemplate a Monument, on which they read this Inſcription,* ET IN ARCADIA EGO.

He ſuppoſes an Object ſo unexpected to have damped the Feſtivity of the Hour, and adds, L'on ne voit plus ſur leurs Viſages à travers l'Affliction, qui s'en empare, que les Reſtes d'une Joïe expirante.

I much doubt whether in the above Quotation the ingenious Critic does not give a Merit to the Artiſt, *which the* Art *never yet attained. The Changes of the human Countenance are occaſionally as quick as the Operation of Thought; and the Rapidity of their Succeſſion can awaken in a Spectator ſuch a Combination of Ideas, as to produce almoſt inſtantaneouſly a correſpondent Paſſion.*

PAINTING *can but half tell her Story.---The Pencil even under the happieſt Guidance, muſt be confined to a ſingle Action, nor can expreſs more than the preſent Sentiment.----To unveil external Appearances; and to paint that previous Diſpoſition of the Mind which fixes them, and which can magniſy familiar Events into Effects of Moment, is an elder Siſter's Province, and the peculiar Property of the* MUSE.

It was this Reflection that induced me to form on the Subject of POUSSIN'S *Picture, the following little Piece, which is probably of too ſerious a Caſt for public Repreſentation.---I do not recollect that the Moral it conveys has yet been delivered from the Stage; for though* HOPE *remains to us the comfort-*

able Balance for THE FATAL INGREDIENTS OF THE BOX, *yet no Truth appears more obvious, than that the Fervor of an indulged Imagination may involve us in* FANCIED *Diſtreſſes, as painful to the Heart as moſt of the* REAL *ones which the World prepares for us.*

Perſons

Perſons of the Drama.

DORASTUS, a rich Shepherd, living as a Hermit.

LYSANDER, a young SPARTAN, Lover of EUPHEMIA.

MUSIDORUS, an ARCADIAN Shepherd.

EUPHEMIA, betrothed to LYSANDER.

DELIA, Friend to EUPHEMIA.

DAPHNE,
LAURA, } Daughters of MUSIDORUS.

ARCADIANS.

Scene, ARCADIA.

THE

THE

MONUMENT IN ARCADIA:

A DRAMATIC POEM.

ACT I.

SCENE—*A beautiful Proſpect of* ARCADIA; *Shepherds Dwellings diſperſed at a Diſtance, and a Wood on one Side.*

Enter LYSANDER, EUPHEMIA, *and* DELIA.

LYSANDER.

THANKS to the Gods! our cheerful Steps at laſt
Have reach'd theſe happy Climes; where refug'd Virtue,
'Midſt laughing Vales, o'er-arch'd by cloudleſs Skies,
Enjoys a calm Retreat. And now, lov'd Maid!
Whom I have follow'd, and would follow ſtill
To Earth's remoteſt Bounds; 'tis Time to claim

That bright Reward, which, before DELIA here,
Your lov'd Companion DELIA, you have ſworn,
Soon as my Voice had welcom'd your Arrival,
Should crown my willing Service.

EUPHEMIA.

Gen'rous Youth!
Whoſe fond Compliance with a Maid's Requeſt
Has led you far from home; the Boon you aſk
Will poorly pay your Virtues; take my Hand,
And know I give it but to pledge a Heart
By ev'ry Title yours.

DELIA.

Unſhaken, long
Remain this Union!— Now! EUPHEMIA, now
Behold your Hopes accompliſh'd!— Breathe we not
A purer Air? And does not this bright Scene,
Which opens round us, realize the Truth
Of all ARANTHE ſaid?

EUPHEMIA.

It does; it does.

Peace to her Shade! And, DELIA, we ſhall bleſs
The friendly Path we trod; though ſcarcely yet
LYSANDER knows why I ſo long forbore
To crown his Love, and in this diſtant Clime
Would only wed.

LYSANDER.

It was enough for me
To know your Wiſh; contented to be bleſt
On your own Terms. But oft' I've heard you ſay,
Your dying Mother, poor ARANTHE! left
Theſe Counſels in your Ear, with that ſad Sigh
Which never more is heard.

EUPHEMIA.

Her Care alone
Rear'd me to what I am; yet I ne'er knew
A Parent's Fondneſs. She was of ARCADIA;
And when the SPARTAN Arms, with fierce Deſcent,

Sought theſe defenceleſs Shades, was forc'd away
With other Captives. Then, all pale with Tears,
Leſt Violence ſhould ſeize what Choice deny'd,
She gave the Plund'rer, what he aſk'd, her Hand,
And yielded to his Wiſh.—Vows thus conſtrain'd
Ne'er draw down Bleſſings. Fifteen tedious Years
She felt a lordly Huſband's rigid Sway;
Till Fate diſſolv'd her Bondage, and reſtor'd
Her Liberty.

LYSANDER.

EUPHEMIA, you relate
What moves my Wonder; for till now, I deem'd
You were ARANTHE's Child.

EUPHEMIA.

I thought ſo too:
But mark the Sequel. Freedom came too late:
Worn by Diſſimulation's irkſome Taſk
For Years repeated, ſlow-conſuming Care
Subdu'd at laſt her Frame. ARCADIA's Vales

She now no more could viſit; that fond Hope
Through long Captivity ſuſtain'd the Soul,
Which ſunk to find it loſt.

LYSANDER.

Not long the Mourner
Surviv'd her Huſband?

EUPHEMIA.

Scarcely half the Space
Of ten ſad Moons. The Lamp of Life each Day
Burnt fainter; and a ſudden Stroke its Light
Almoſt extinguiſhing, ſhe call'd me to her,
And bade me bring the Friend whom moſt I lov'd,
My DELIA, with me. To our Ears ſhe then,
By interrupted Words with Pain brought forth,
Unlock'd her Heart;—told me, a Mother's Name
Was but aſſum'd, that he whom ſhe eſpous'd
Might treat me gently; that my infant Years
Were to her Care confided; that her All
She had bequeath'd me; and her dying Wiſh

Was, that, when Time ſhould favor the Intent,
I'd ſeek ARCADIA.—— " If, my Child!" ſhe cry'd,
" Thy Lot be Happineſs, 'twill meet thee there;
" Be Hope thy Guide: The righteous Gods, perhaps
" May there reſtore"——But what—was all conceal'd;
For Death that Inſtant ſeiz'd her Pow'rs of Speech,
And left me loſt in Darkneſs and Diſtreſs.

DELIA.

Nor till her Spirit fled, ceas'd ſhe to fix,
Though Utt'rance was deny'd, on my fair Friend
Looks forcible as Language.—We have ſearch'd,
Where'er Conjecture wings its dubious Flight,
To trace her Meaning, or deſcry from whence
EUPHEMIA drew her Birth; but ev'ry Path
Perplex'd and tangled, ſtill in Darkneſs ends.

LYSANDER.

Some Cauſe forbade, or ſhe had ne'er ſo long
Conceal'd the Story, which her parting Breath
Could not enough diſcloſe. But ſay, my Love,

Did

Did not ARANTHE oft' at other Times
Diſcourſe the Beauties of her native Land,
The more to tempt you to this Pilgrimage?

EUPHEMIA.

Oh, frequent! frequent! It was oft' her Subject,
And ſhe would tell ſuch Wonders of ARCADIA,
So boaſt its joyous Skies, where Love, where Truth,
And fair Simplicity reign'd undiſturb'd,
That all entranc'd I heard her, and my Soul
Dwelt on her Story, till it pin'd to ſee
Theſe Heav'n-diſtinguiſh'd Regions.—To myſelf,
In ſecret, then I vow'd, that I would ne'er
But in ARCADIA wed.—It was for this
ARCADIA was ſo oft' my Theme, when firſt
You grac'd me with your Notice; 'twas for this
I hither led you; and at ſome near Shrine
My Vow ſhall be confirm'd.

LYSANDER.

Bleſt be the Night,

When

When forth I led you from deteſted SPARTA,
Ne'er to behold it more! Deteſted SPARTA!
Where the firm Virtue of our rigid Fathers,
Which nerv'd their Arm, and gave th' admiring World
A Line of Heroes, is debas'd by Vice,
Or cruſh'd by pow'rful Faction.—To forget
The Cloud that ſhades my Country, be my Taſk;
Since thence I've borne a Prize, in whom I view
The Graces of the pureſt Times.

EUPHEMIA.

No more!

Already you o'erpay me.

LYSANDER.

Bounteous Maid!

My Tongue would beggar Language, ſhould it ſpeak
The Tranſport I now feel to call thee mine,
And to enfold thee thus.——Whatever Joys
This Clime ſhall offer, they can nothing add
To mine, poſſeſſing thee.

DELIA.

Behold! a Troop
Of Swains advancing! Haply, we from them
May gain all due Intelligence.

LYSANDER.

Yet hold!
They ſeem aſſembled on ſome Ceremony;
'Twere beſt at Diſtance mark them;——for a while
Let us withdraw beneath theſe bow'ring Shades.

[*They retire into the Wood.*

Enter——MUSIDORUS, DAPHNE, LAURA, *and a Number of* ARCADIAN *Shepherds and Shepherdeſſes, bearing in their Hands Garlands of Flowers.*

They advance, ſinging.

CHORUS.

Give the Hour to ſober Pleaſures;
Cheerful Hearts are Life's beſt Treaſures:
Let the choral Song go round;
Echo ſhall our Joys reſound.

MUSIDORUS.

Onward ARCADIANS! bear your flow'ry Wreaths,
Twin'd with the faireſt Sweets of ev'ry Kind
That ſcent the Ev'ning Air, and with them deck
The ſacred Pines of PAN; while the deep Grove
Tells to the diſtant Hills our feſtive Rites.——
'Tis wiſely done to make the moſt of Life:
Whilſt Temp'rance ſits the Guardian of our Sports,
Each grateful Smile that dimples o'er the Cheek
Is Tribute paid the Gods.

FIRST ARCADIAN.

Let ſuch as tread
The buſy Haunts of Men, where Envy ſhoots
Its poiſon'd Arrows, wear their Brow o'ercaſt;
Our Vales are only Witneſſes of Joy,
And Mirth well-authoriz'd; our fertile Soil
A happier Sun-ſhine warms; and the preſs'd Grape
Pouring from Goblets deep its purple Stream,

Drives

Drives off imagin'd Ills, and the cheer'd Mind
Attunes to Harmony.

AIR.

Gloomy Care can ne'er controul
Joys that wait the temp'rate Bowl;
Welcome all its pure Delights,
Blameleſs Days, and peaceful Nights.

In our Cup her radiant Wings
FANCY dips, and brighter ſprings;
To her the Pow'r is giv'n
To ſoar beyond the Pride of Kings,
And form on ev'ry Spot a Heav'n.

LYSANDER, EUPHEMIA, *and* DELIA, *appear from the Wood.*

LYSANDER.

Forgive us Shepherds,
If we as Strangers peradventure preſs
Somewhat abruptly on you. Wide is ſpread
The Fame of your fair Clime; and it hath hither

Allur'd our Steps, inquiſitive to learn
That true Simplicity which marks your Lives,
And makes them deem'd ſo happy.

MUSIDORUS.

You are welcome
To theſe pacific Shades, and doubly ſo
As being Strangers: but if chance you come
From Scenes of artful Life, where Pomp diſplays
Its ſplendid Fallacies, ours ſcarce will charm.——
Yet here Content reſides, and rural Eaſe;
With ev'ry Bleſſing which the bounteous PAN
Beſtows on virtuous Toils.

LYSANDER.

Deem not that we
So ill have read the World, that our fool'd Senſe
Is caught by Pageantry.——Nought charms ſo much
As the bright Luſtre of an upright Mind,
Active, and ſteady.——And in lonely Vales,
And Roofs unnotic'd, oft' ſuch Virtues dwell

As Courts with Pride might boaſt; though all unſeen
Their Graces bloom, ſave by a circling few,
And Heav'n's approving Eye.

FIRST ARCADIAN.

Your Reas'ning, Youth,
Beſpeaks a Mind well tutor'd; and your Chance
Hath thrown you amongſt Men, who know to prize
The Heart that points to Virtue.——Freely ſhare
Whate'er theſe Plains afford. Say, will you join
Our feſtive Rites? Or, rather, do you ſeek
Reſt and Refreſhment?——Long perchance hath been
Your Way; and theſe your fair Companions tire.

LYSANDER.

True——long hath been our Way; but we have made it
Pleaſure, not Toil.——You ſhall at Leiſure know
Whate'er in the ſmall Circle of our Lives
May win your Ear. Suffice it now to ſay
What beyond Reſt, beyond your proffer'd Care,
Sits neareſt at my Heart, is, that you guide

Our Steps to where, before ſome hallow'd Shrine,
This beauteous Maid and I may ſwear till Death
A laſting Union.——Long, too long, my Bliſs
Hath been delay'd; and tedious ſeems to creep
Each lazy Minute now, till I can boaſt
Alliance with her Virtues.

MUSIDORUS.

Such a Place
Stands in the Covert of yon Wood; be mine
The Taſk to lead you thither.——Leagues of Love
Approv'd by Virtue, from their ſtarry Thrones
The Gods behold well pleas'd.——Go you before
My Daughters, and with virgin Hands adorn
The nuptial Altar.——Shepherds, you'll purſue
Your purpos'd Sports: we ſhall at Eve rejoin.

[*Exeunt* DAPHNE *and* LAURA.

LYSANDER.

Here, my EUPHEMIA, our long Voyage ends,
Safe in the wiſh'd-for Port we ride in Peace,

Anchor'd

Anchor'd by Love and Friendſhip.—Gen'rous Swain!
Your hoſpitable Kindneſs aſks more Praiſe
Than my poor Tongue can give; a Time may come
When I may better ſpeak it.

MUSIDORUS.

Nay! no more;
I act but as I ought.——Benevolence
Is due from from Man to Man.——Come, Lady, on;
The Altar now attends your maiden Vows;
Be thrifty of the Hour, the Day wears faſt.

[*Exeunt* MUSIDORUS, LYSANDER, EUPHEMIA, *and* DELIA.

FIRST ARCADIAN.

Now with light Foot, to ſportive Meaſures beat,
Strike ev'ry ſprightly Note, that ere we join
In yonder hallow'd Grove, we to the Dance
May add new Graces, and avow our Zeal.

A DANCE *of* ARCADIANS.

After the DANCE, *the* CHORUS *repeated.*

Give the Hour to ſober Pleaſures;
Cheerful Hearts are Life's beſt Treaſures:
Let the choral Song go round;
Echo ſhall our Joys reſound.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE— *A wild rocky Entrance to a Cave; on one Side of which is ſeen a Wood.*

DORASTUS *enters from the Cave. After looking attentively around, he comes ſlowly forward.*

Hail! to the Ev'ning Sun, which from the Weſt
Empurples all the Sky, and this my Cave
Gilds with its parting Rays; this moſs-grown Cave,
Long by my Footſteps worn!——for ſince the Arms
Of the fell SPARTANS tore my Child away,
(Sole Pledge of a dear Union) with the Friend
To whom her dying Mother gave the Charge
To train her Infancy; and ev'ry Hope

To trace their Fate is vain; I've ſhun'd the Plain,
Nor mingled with the Gay.—In theſe lone Shades
I wake my Mind to Truth; and as the Stream
Of Life flows gently on, purſue that Peace
Philoſophy inſpires, and patient wait
Th' Appointment of the Gods.——But I muſt hence—
The length'ning Shadows warn me now to ſeek
In the near Valley ſuch ſweet ſmelling Flow'rs
As give their Perfumes to the Ev'ning Gale,
And ſtrew them round yon vacant Tomb I've rear'd
To ſooth a Father's Sorrows.——There's in Grief
A melancholy Pleaſure, which indulg'd,
Becalms the Soul;—and ſuch this Taſk to me.——
O much-lamented Maid! if from this World
Eſcap'd, thou ſit'ſt a Spirit in Air, accept
A Parent's pious Off'ring;—or if ſtill
Thou draw'ſt the Breath of Bondage, or art doom'd
To tread the flinty Ways of Life, may Heav'n
Give thee proportion'd Virtue!—Yet a while,

A tranſient Space, Time's friendly Hand ſhall guide
Each Suff'rer to his Reſt, and all our Cares
Shall melt to nothing, like the Morning Dew.

[*Exit.*

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

ACT II.

A RURAL SCENE.

Enter LYSANDER, EUPHEMIA, DELIA, MUSIDORUS, DAPHNE, *and* LAURA.

As they are all advancing from the End of the Stage, DAPHNE *and* LAURA *ſing the following*

DUET.

HYMEN pleas'd your Faith ſurveys;
All his peaceful Bleſſings ſhare!
Pureſt Friendſhip crown your Days!
Joy attend you, happy Pair!

LYSANDER.

Thanks, courteous Fair-ones, Thanks; I little hop'd
Such Bride-maids for my Love; but you are all
As bounteous as your Skies; and your kind Care
Shall bind us both your Debtors.——You, good Shepherd,

Who with your Daughters at the Shrine of PAN
Have witneſs'd to our Vows, ſhall ſee I truſt
That they were ſeal'd with Truth, and only join'd
Hearts of congenial Mould.

MUSIDORUS.

May circling Years
Still firmer bind them! and the Hand of Death
Alone diſſolve this Union!

EUPHEMIA.

Heav'n ſo grant!——
Moſt freely Shepherd I accept your Grace,
And proffer'd Services; wrapt in Delight
To meet already in this ſtranger Land
Such hoſpitable Smiles.

DAPHNE.

Nor here is ſeen
A Smile the Heart avows not; our plain Life
Diſdains thoſe Arts and Falſhoods, which they ſay
Are practis'd by the Great-ones of the World.

Ambition

Ambition walks not here ; nor is here known
Envy, its fell Aſſociate.——Rural Cares
Employ the fleeting Day, and one firm Chain
Of ſocial Harmony unites us all.——
Our temp'rate Board gives Cheerfulneſs and Health ;
And there Contentment ſits, and bids us ſcorn
What cheated Man calls Luxury.

LAURA.

Nor yet
Shall our calm Plains abuſe your Hopes ; the Eye
As well as Mind is ſolac'd.——Nature blooms
In youthful Beauty round us, from her Urn
Scatt'ring unnumber'd Treaſures. Mark how glows
The vivid Landſcape ; and the burthen'd Earth
Pants with the gay Profuſion.

EUPHEMIA.

A new World
Springs up before me. See, LYSANDER, ſee

What

What vary'd Sweets ſhall ſtrew our future Paths
Beneath this better Sun.

LYSANDER.

Rooted I ſtand,
And loſt in Admiration thank the Gods
For all their Bounty to me; chief for Thee
Their nobleſt Boon, thou Crown of my Deſires!
Thou lovely Charmer!——O my Friends, excuſe
A young Man's Tranſport; when you better know
This Maiden's Excellence, you will confeſs
My Tongue no Flatt'rer——for ſhe wears a Heart
So pure, ſo ſpotleſs, that it might be ſhrin'd
In Cryſtal, and have all its Movements ſcann'd!

MUSIDORUS.

My Boſom ſhares your Tranſport.——Gentle Lady,
Beneath the Umbrage of yon tufted Trees,
Which ſhade the Margin of the azure Stream
That ſteals along its Side, our Dwelling ſtands,
Ruſtic and ſimple; thick around it ſhoots

The flaunting Woodbine; and each fragrant Flow'r
Adorns the verdant Scene.——There I've prepar'd
A cheerful Welcome;——all our rural Sports
My Daughters ſhall relate, and teach you too,
If ſo you like, to tend our fleecy Folds;
For all are Shepherds here.

EUPHEMIA.

Something but now,
As o'er the Lawn we paſs'd, LAURA diſcours'd
Of a grey Hermit, whoſe religious Life
Gain'd him ſuch Love, that each ARCADIAN deem'd
His Bleſſing proſp'rous; fain on this Day's Act
Would I implore it.

MUSIDORUS.

Lady, he you mean
Dwells at the moſſy Foot of yonder Rock,
The good DORASTUS; Shepherd once himſelf,
And Maſter ſtill of many a Flock; but he,
Long from our Plains ſequeſter'd, mourns retir'd

A Loſs that weighs his grey Hairs down.——All here
View him with filial Love; for he's to all
A Friend, a Father.——Thither I'll conduct you
As homeward now we paſs.

LYSANDER.

We will attend;
Yet tarry but a Space, while from thoſe Trees
Of cluſt'ring Roſes that invite the Touch
I pluck ſome crimſon Buds, and twiſt a Wreath
For my EUPHEMIA's Brow; ſhe has not yet
Receiv'd her bridal Garland.

[*Exit.*

EUPHEMIA.

On this Bank
Await we his Return. Sit, my fair Maids;
And DELIA, calm the Flutt'rings of my Heart
By ſome ſoft Strain.——Give me that cheering Song
ARANTHE ſo much lov'd.

DELIA.

DELIA.

'Tis well devis'd,
Nor foreign to the Moment.——I obey.

SONG.

All the Splendor which Wealth can diſplay
Is ſo vain, that it quickly muſt cloy;
Like a Bubble, it ſoon melts away,
If HOPE does not heighten the Joy.

Sweet Paſſion! without thee, the Soul
In the Midſt of Fruition would tire;
Into Times yet unborn thou canſt roll,
And expand on the Wings of Deſire.

It was HOPE that firſt planted my Vine,
And its Cluſters luxurioufly ſpread;
Rear'd my Fig-tree whoſe Branches intwine,
And ſo gratefully ſhadow my Head.

Hope comforts the Mourner's ſad State,
Sooths the Wretch who is ſtruggling with Pain,
Bids the Captive ſupport his hard Fate,
And to Home turns his Eyes back again.

Bright Charmer! ah! live in my Breaſt,
Round my Temples thy Garland ſtill bind;
Thou ſhalt calm all my Sorrows to Reſt,
And cheer with thy Sunſhine my Mind.

EUPHEMIA.

Kind Delia, take my Thanks.——I feel the Truth
Thy Strain inſpires; for ſee Lysander comes,
Who round the little Region of my Heart
Bids Hope triumphant live.

LYSANDER *re-enters, with a Chaplet of Roſes in his Hand.*

LYSANDER.

Euphemia, wear
This blooming Wreath, in Honor of the Day,

And

And as an Emblem of our twin'd Affections.—

[*Preſents her the Chaplet.*

This hath a tranſient Date, but they I truſt
Shall never know Decay.——Now let us ſpeed
To ſeek the Hermit's Cave; good Shepherd on.

[*Exeunt.*

The Scene opening diſcovers a Wood. In the Middle of the Stage is a MONUMENT, *with the Statue of a Nymph lying on it. Upon its Baſe appears this Inſcription, in large Characters,*

I TOO WAS AN ARCADIAN.

DORASTUS *is ſeen ſtanding near the Tomb, with a Baſket of Flowers in his Hand, ſinging the following*

AIR.

My Woes, O Mem'ry! ceaſe to trace;
Ah! curſe no more the SPARTAN Race!
Come meek-ey'd Patience, calm my Mind,
And make it to its Fate reſign'd.—
This fancy'd Form, this empty Tomb
Relieves the Rigour of my Doom.

Enter MUSIDORUS, LYSANDER, EUPHEMIA, DELIA, DAPHNE, *and* LAURA.

MUSIDORUS.

Behold the good old Man!——On the ſtill Air
How ſweetly floats his plaintive Voice!——Beſide
This Wood he dwells, and here at ſetting Sun
Sings his accuſtom'd Dirge, as Mem'ry drops
A Sigh o'er happier Scenes that Time hath clos'd.

LYSANDER.

Say, what yon Pile which he beſtrews with Flow'rs?
It ſeems a Tomb, and that fair ſculptur'd Form
Declares it ſuch; as does the Epitaph,
" *I too was an Arcadian.*"

MUSIDORUS.

He bewails
A Daughter torn away, on whom he built
The Comfort of his Age; it is for her
This mournful Pile is rear'd, theſe Rites perform'd.——

But ſoft!—A Moment ends them; let us not
Invade his Privacy.

[*They keep retired on one Side of the Stage.*

DORASTUS *continues the Air, ſtrewing the Flowers round the Tomb.*

Gentle Spirit, Peace be thine!
This ſad Office ſtill be mine;
Theſe fond Marks of Love receive,
All a drooping Sire can give.

During the Song, LYSANDER *diſcourſes with* MUSIDORUS;—EUPHEMIA, *with* DAPHNE *and* LAURA. *She often fixes her Eyes on the Monument, with Marks of Emotion.*

The Song ended, they advance.

MUSIDORUS.

Good Ev'n, DORASTUS,
And heard be all thy Oriſons!——Behold
I bring with me a Pair, who even now
At yonder conſecrated Altar ſeal'd
The Bond of wedded Faith.——Far is their Home,
Beyond the Southern Mountains; but Deſire

To viſit theſe our Plains hath urg'd their Steps
Hither, to ſojourn with us.——Lo! they ſue
Your Grace and Welcome; and will prove, I judge,
Worthy your Courteſy.——Their bridal Bed
My Daughters have prepar'd; and I myſelf
Shall be their this Night's Hoſt; a ſecret Impulſe
Hath won me to their Service.

LYSANDER.

Strangers here,
Each Mark of Hoſpitality muſt charm;
And ſooth to ſay, this our kind Patron's Care
Hath far outſtrip'd my Hope.——Might we obtain
Thy Pray'rs, reſpected Hermit, nothing then
Remains to crown our Fortune.

DORASTUS.

If the Bleſſing
Of an old Man by many a Sorrow worn,
And bow'd by many a Year, can aught avail,
O take it, freely take it.——May the Act

Of this fair Day be proſper'd! may a Length
Of Happineſs be yours! a virtuous Race
To both endear the World! and all your Paths,
Your Ev'ning Paths of Life, be ſpread with Flow'rs
That never grew in mine!

LYSANDER.

Ah! much I grieve
That your's have prov'd uneven!——For your Wiſhes
Count me your Debtor.——My EUPHEMIA too,
My Bride ſhall thank you; for her Heart is gentle,
And grateful as the Flow'r that pays with Sweets
The genial Summer's Bounty!——

As he turns to EUPHEMIA, *he finds her looking towards the Tomb with a melancholy Attention.*

Ha! my Love,
Whence this Amaze? why doſt thou bend thy Sight
On yonder Tomb? and wherefore on thy Brow
Sits a deſcriptive Sorrow, that hath drank
The Luſtre of thine Eyes, and damp'd the Joy

Which ſparkled there but now?—Say, why is this?
What the ſtrange Cauſe?

EUPHEMIA.

The Cauſe is in myſelf;
O my LYSANDER! I have fool'd my Senſe
With viſionary Hope, and now awake
To meet my Error.

LYSANDER.

Nay! explain, EUPHEMIA.

EUPHEMIA.

This good Man's Sigh has op'd my Eyes; this Scene
Of Death has undeceiv'd me.——Blind to think
That there was any Ground where Mortals tread
On which Affliction walks not!——Ev'ry Clime
Engenders human Woe; and fam'd ARCADIA
Is pregnant with the ſame diſaſtrous Fortune
That other Regions know.

DORASTUS.

Our Life, fair Lady,

Muſt

Muſt needs be chequer'd thus.

LYSANDER.

Alas! my Love,

Let us enjoy the Good, nor with vain Search

Anticipate Misfortune; come it will,

Though Wiſdom ſtand as Guard; and e'en theſe Shades

Muſt ſometimes own its Pow'r.

EUPHEMIA.

Miſtaken Maid!

Is this the Land where Pleaſure only reign'd?

Was it for this I pac'd ſo long a Way?

Abandon'd SPARTA? and ſo far allur'd

Thy wand'ring Steps LYSANDER, here to meet

The Face of Sorrow?——Where is that Content

ARANTHE boaſted? Where that Peace, ſhe ſaid

Should greet our Coming?——Ah! could ſhe delude

That Hope ſhe ſo long nouriſh'd?

DORASTUS.

Heard I aright?

Or did falſe Sounds abuſe me ?——Spake you not
Of SPARTA, and ARANTHE, courteous Lady ?
Pray you ſay on ; for to my Ear you utter'd
A Name well known.——ARANTHE ! knew you her ?
And lives ſhe yet ?

LYSANDER.

Ah no ! ſhe is no more !
With pious Hand theſe Maidens clos'd her Eyes,
Bathing her Corſe with Tears.

EUPHEMIA.

In her I loſt
The beſt of Women, whoſe indulgent Care
No Time ſhall wear away.——Her lateſt Wiſh
Was I ſhould ſeek ARCADIA, where herſelf
Had ſometime known a happier Deſtiny
Than SPARTA's Walls afforded.

DORASTUS.

You are then
Her Daughter doubtleſs ; you perhaps have oft

Heard

Heard her relate---

EUPHEMIA.

Good Hermit, you miſtake;

I am no Child of her's, though many a Year
Such I was deem'd, till her laſt Breath unveil'd
The Error, and declar'd I was a Pledge
Inſtruſted to her Care in infant Years,
By whom was unexplain'd, for Death's cold Graſp
Broke off th' unfiniſh'd Tale,——and I had walk'd
The World a friendleſs Orphan, and alone,
But for this virtuous Youth, to whom I've giv'n
That Love his Merit claim'd.——But why on me
Is caſt that Look of Eagerneſs?—Why heaves
Thy lab'ring Boſom thus? or whence thoſe Tears
That tremble in thine Eye?

DORASTUS.

O Nature!—Nature!

Who with thy pow'rful, and inviſible Hand
Shak'ſt my whole Frame with Tumult,—can I think

This Conflict, theſe Forebodings of a Father
Are rais'd, or felt in vain?——The Stroke's too great!
Pray you your Arm a Moment.——Yes—it muſt—
Thoſe Features wear the radiant Hue of Truth!—
There cannot be Deceit.——It is—It is.
My long-loſt Child reſtor'd.——

EUPHEMIA.

All-ruling Gods!
Have ye upheld me through the Maze of Life
Unknowing, and unknown, in this far Land
To guide me to a Parent?

LYSANDER.

All 's explain'd;
This was ARANTHE's Meaning, this the Cauſe
She urg'd ſo ſtrong your Coming, hoping ſtill
Some Chance might bring about this bleſt Event
Th' indulgent Gods have proſper'd.

DORASTUS.

Gen'rous Youth!

Whoſe

Whoſe Graces have endear'd thee to my Child,
Whoſe Truth and Friendſhip won her, let my Arms
Embrace thee as a Son.——A Father's Bleſſing,
Pour'd from a Heart with Gratitude o'ercome,
Shall now enforce the reſt.——Alas! too quick
My Spirits bound!——Prithee reſolve my Mind
A few fond Queſtions more.

[*They withdraw to the Bottom of the Stage.*

MUSIDORUS.

See, my Children,
The virtuous ſtill are happy!—This is ſhe
So long-reputed dead, for whom was rear'd
The Statue, and the Tomb; for whom theſe Shades
So oft' have echo'd with a Father's Sighs;
Sighs now repaid with Tranſports!

LAURA.

Nor in vain
Have we intwin'd the feſtive Wreath. This Night
Shall ſocial Pleaſure beam from ev'ry Eye,

And

And Sounds of Joy be heard along the Vale.

DAPHNE.

See where returning from the hallow'd Grove
The Shepherds croſs the Plain. I'll be myſelf
Of this Event the Harbinger; 'twill prove
Moſt welcome to them all.

[*Exit.*

DORASTUS, LYSANDER, EUPHEMIA, *and* DELIA, *come forward.*

DORASTUS.

Enough, enough;
My ſtormy Life at laſt ſinks to a Calm.
Come Death now when it will, I'll meet it ſmiling,
Upheld by this lov'd Pair.

LYSANDER.

Long live to ſee
Our mutual Happineſs! and be repaid
In the bright Virtues of your new-found Daughter
The Suff'rings you've endur'd!

DORASTUS.

DORASTUS.

Great Providence!

How juſt are all thy Ways!——Never let Man,
Howe'er he be diſtreſs'd, abandon Hope;
For in the Moment when the Cloud is blackeſt,
When the big Storm rolls loudeſt o'er his Head,
The Hand of Heav'n perhaps ſupports his Steps,
And guides him back to Peace!——'Twas but this Morn,
Stung with Remembrance of my former Woes,
I curs'd the Sons of SPARTA; ere Day cloſe
A SPARTAN Hand leads back the Child I loſt,
And quite atones the Wrongs his Country did me!

EUPHEMIA.

Juſtly I ſtand reprov'd.——Henceforth I'll own
Each Murmur is a Crime, and Diſcontent
Ingratitude to Heav'n.

DORASTUS.

Forbear to think
This Earth can teem Perfection; far beyond

Thoſe

Thoſe azure Rocks that kiſs the ſloping Sky
A happier Region lies, to which compar'd
Our Spot, is as the dank and tainted Gale
To th' unſully'd Breath of Morning.——There the Toils
Of lab'ring Virtue ceaſe! and thither oft'
She turns her patient Eye, and ſeeks her Crown!——
'Tis there EUPHEMIA, and 'tis there alone
Perfection may be hop'd; on this Side, all
Is mutable and frail!

EUPHEMIA.

Yet 'tis not ſtrange
The Mind that's tutor'd to expect too much
Should ſigh at Diſappointment.

DORASTUS.

That, my Child,
Is Life's grand Error;—we delude ourſelves,
And charge the Cheats of FANCY to the World.——
Man in his viſionary Hour conceives
Joys never deſtin'd for him, then ſits down

In ſullen Diſcontent, to think he loſes
That which he ne'er poſſeſs'd.——Go, wiſer you
My Children, curb your Wiſhes, taſte with Thanks
That Good the Gods allot you; and remember,
Howe'er our Paths are chequer'd by Misfortune,
Life ſtill has many Pleaſures for the Virtuous.

MUSIDORUS.

The neighb'ring Swains, whom DELIA has inform'd
Of what has chanc'd, with Looks of Tranſport haſte
To greet your happier Fortune.

A Number of ARCADIANS *enter with* DAPHNE, *and ſurround* DORASTUS *with Marks of Congratulation.*

DORASTUS.

Ah! how ſweet
Their Steps who ſpeak of Peace!——I have, my Friends,
A Heart that reads your Purpoſe in your Eye,
And regiſters your Love——A Heart, the Gods
Have quite o'erwhelm'd with Mercy!——Thanks to all
Who ſhare with me this Joy; and double Thanks

To thee, kind MUSIDORUS, whom this Night
We all will ſojourn with, and cheer the Board
Thy lib'ral Hand has ſpread.——Rich Flocks, and Herds,
And wide-ſpread Paſtures, ſhall be giv'n to-morrow
In Dowry with this Maid.——You DELIA too
Shall now become my Care.——Let us away.
The Ev'ning Star is ris'n,——and as we paſs
Let all our choral Youth their Voices join
In Notes that deep-felt Gratitude inſpires.

CHORUS.

Mighty PAN! to thee we owe
All the Happineſs we know;—
Let our Lives ſtill peaceful glide;
Give us Virtue for our Guide.

[*Exeunt.*

EPILOGUE.

EPILOGUE.

Mortals, who this Drama view,
Own you not its Moral true?——
Virtuous Minds ſhould ne'er deſpair;
They are Heav'n's peculiar Care,
Who teaches ſuff'ring Man to know
HOPE'S THE COUNTERPOISE OF WOE.

But if HOPE *unlicens'd reigns,*
Wildly ſeeks ideal Plains,
Pictures Joys it ne'er can meet,
Paths ne'er trod by human Feet;
Then, ah! then expect to find
ARCADIA'S ONLY IN THE MIND.

THE END.

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